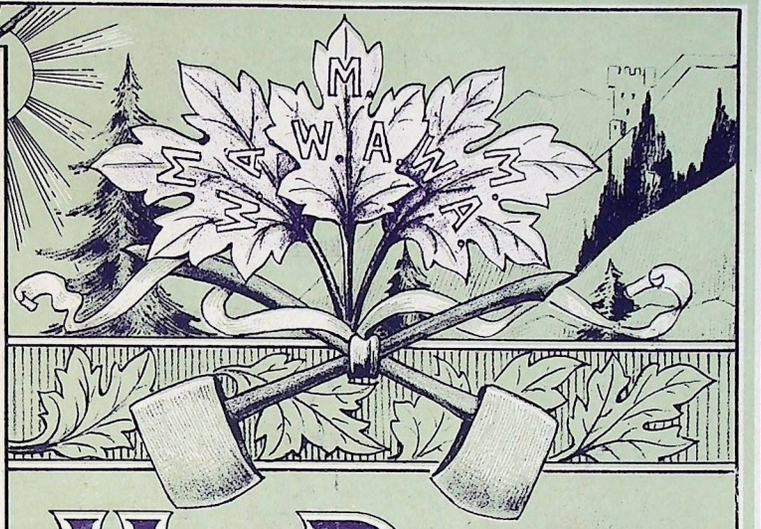
My Papa's A Woodman; You Bet! Aint Yours?



My Papa Was A Woodman.

Words and Music
By

Horace Huron.

Price 50 cts.

Published by
Horace Huron.
Rock Island, Ill.

MY PAPA WAS A WOODMAN.

Words and Music by HORACE HURON.

Moderato
mf
p
Two lit-tle girls in mourn-ing I once passed up-on the street, Their
"My pa-pa was a Wood-man". With what pride the words were said, Her
p

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eyes were dimmed with weep - ing Their fac - es sad but sweet; But
eyes flashed bright through tear-drops As she raised her lit - tle head; She
one was dressed quite neat - ly, giv - ing proof of lov - ing care, The
knew when-ev - er troub-le comes to lit - tle ones like her, The
oth - er in her rag-ged clothes A pic - ture of de - spair. In
Wood-men all will glad - ly give The best of lov - ing care. There
sim - ple child - ish words of love, The first one com-fort brought, In
are so man - y thous-ands of Such lit - tle ones as they, We

cheer-ing up her lit-tle friend Her own grief half for-got; And
see them left in pov-er-ty A-round us ev'-ry day; Their
as in deep-est sym-pa-thy Her lit-tle heart was stirred, The
lives are left in dark-ness, for their fa-thers do not come And
rit.
rea-son of it all I learned in the sto-ry that I heard.
join the Mod-ern Wood-men, for the lit-tle ones at home.
rit.

BRUSH THE FROWNS AWAY - Huron's Best Child Song. 50cts.
My papa &c .4.

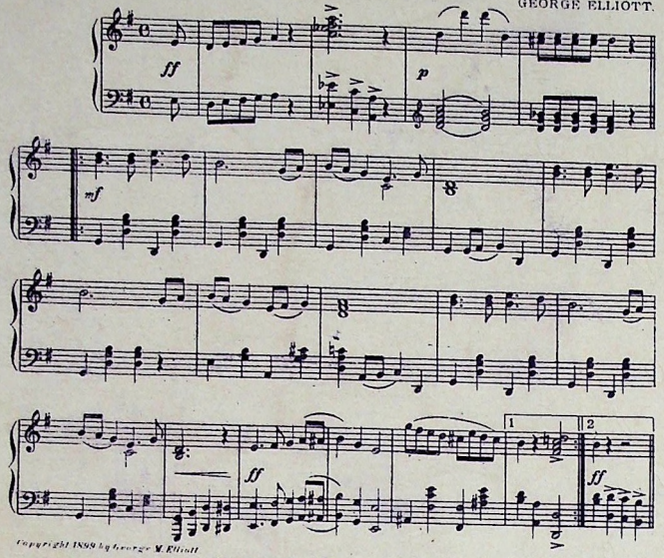
Refrain.
mp
"My pa - pa was a Wood_man, What a pit - y yours was not, For
mp
all the Wood_men are so kind and true; They
were so good when pa - pa died, And all of them have got A
great big heart for lit - tle ones like you".

IT DON'T CUT ANY FIGURE IN THE CASE. Price 50cts.
Comic Topical Song With One "Woodmen" Verse.

BLUE HEN'S CHICKS.

MARCH & TWO STEP.

GEORGE ELLIOTT.



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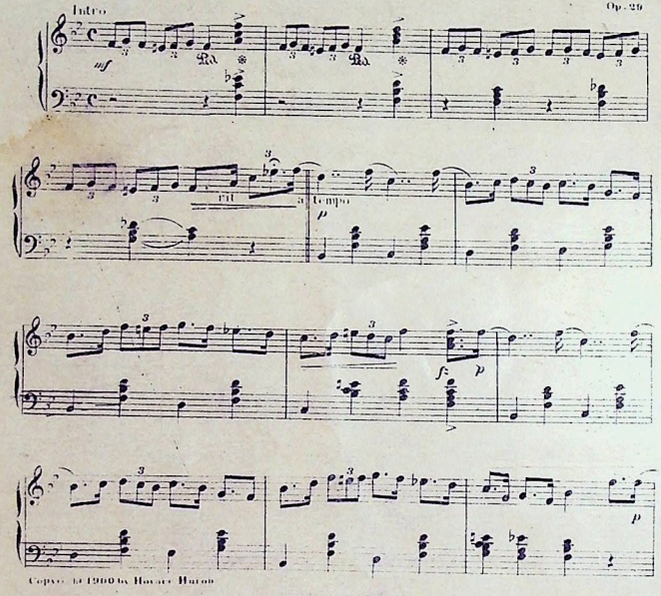
OFFICE BOY DANCE

Billy A. Griffin
Op. 29



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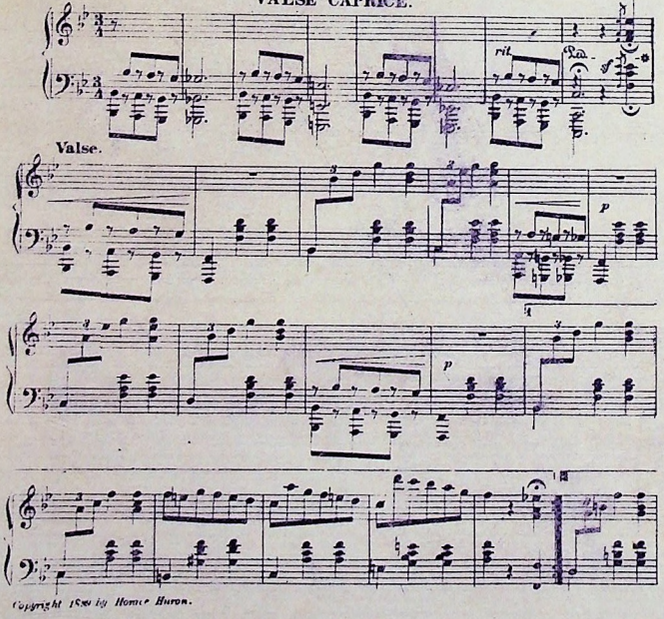
A BOATING.

BILLY A GRIFFIN.

VALSE CAPRICE.



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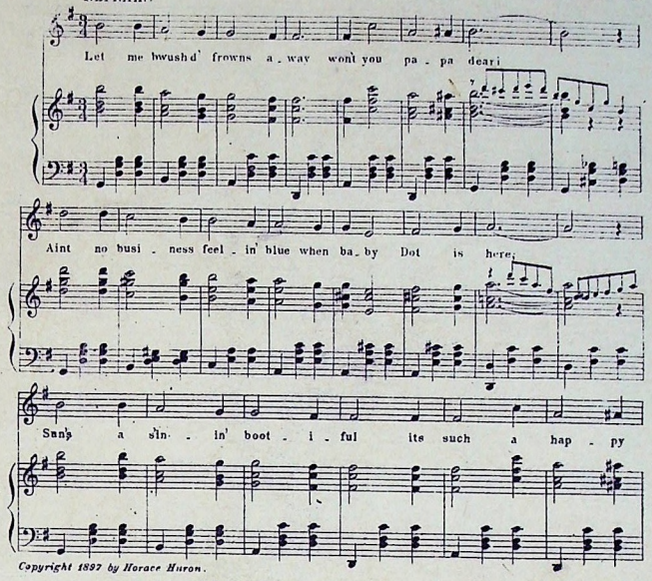
BRUSH THE FROWNS AWAY.

Words and Music by HORACE HURON.

REFRAIN.


Let me bwush d' frowns a - way won't you pa - pa dear!
Aint no busi - ness feel - in' blue when ba - by Dot is here.
Sun's a shin - in' boot - i - ful its such a hap - py

Copyright 1897 by Horace Huron.

AN HOUR TOO LATE.

Words by HORACE HURON. Music by W. M. BARNES.

Refrain.

Tempo di Valse

It was just an hour too late They have passed thro' the
gol - den gate, Tho' help is nigh their spir - its
fly To a land where hap - pi - ness waits, Still

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LITTLE DOORS TO HEAVEN.

Words by WILL WATERS. Music by ROBERT WIZIARDE.

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